

INDIGENOUS DAUGHTER

Kim Barnes



In 1982, following the death of Idaho’s second and last poet laureate, then-Governor John Evans appointed a five-member panel of Idahoans to select a new laureate. Instead, the panel, joined by three western poets, recommended the selection of a writer-in-residence to serve a two-year term—a position open to writers of poetry, fiction, and creative nonfiction; and that the recipient give readings during his or her term and be paid \$5,000 annually. In 1983, their recommendations were adopted in an executive order.

With guidance from the Governor’s panel, the program was initiated, developed, and administered by the Sun Valley Center for the Arts and Humanities. Financial support was contributed by the Idaho Commission on the Arts, the Association for the Humanities in Idaho (now Idaho Humanities Council), and private gifts. In June 1986, program responsibility transferred to the Idaho Commission on the Arts. Twelve years later, budget cuts to the

NEA forced the Commission to reduce the award to \$8,000 and extend the term to three years.

Selection of the writer is made from Idaho applicants whose anonymous submissions are judged by a panel of three notable out-of-state writers. Manuscripts are evaluated 60% for artistic excellence, 20% for contributions to the field, and 20% for oral presentation. The panel’s choice is subsequently approved by the Governor.

Former writers-in-residence include: Jim Irons, Twin Falls (2001); Bill Johnson, Lewiston (1999); Lance Olsen, Moscow (1996); Clay Morgan, McCall (1994); Daryl Jones, Boise (1992); Neidy Messer, Boise (1990); Eberle Umbach, McCall (1988); Robert Wrigley, Lewiston (1986); Ron McFarland, Moscow (1984).

In April, this year’s panel selected our newest writer in residence, Kim Barnes, who was born in Lewiston in 1958 and currently resides in Moscow with her husband and their children. She grew up in a lumber camp near Pierce, Idaho, and earned her B.A. in English at Lewis-Clark State College in Lewiston. She then received an M.A. in English at Washington State University and ten years later, an M.F.A. at the University of Montana.

Barnes’ memoir, *In the Wilderness: Coming of Age in Unknown Country*, was a finalist in 1997 for the Pulitzer Prize in biography/autobiography and received the Pacific Northwest Booksellers Association award that year.

Her sequel, *Hungry for the World*, was published in 2001 by Villard/Random House, and Putnam published her novel, *Finding Caruso*, in 2003.

Barnes teaches at the University of Idaho as an associate professor of English in the M.F.A. program. The essay she submitted for the residency position is excerpted here.

The Ashes of August

Late summer light comes to Idaho’s Clearwater Canyon in a wash of color so sweet it’s palatable: butterscotch and toffee, caramel and honey. It is as though the high fields of wheat, the darker ravines tangled with blackberry, sumac, and poison ivy, the riverbanks bedded in basalt and shadowed by cottonwood and locust—all have drawn from the arid soil the last threaded rindles of moisture and spun them to gold. By four o’clock, the thermometer outside my kitchen window will read 105. In another

three hours, a hot whip of wind, and then those few moments when the wheat beards and brittle leaves, even the river, are gilded in alpenglow. Often my children call me to the window, and even as we watch, the soft brilliance darkens to sepia. But soon there will be the moon, illuminating the bridge that seems to levitate above the pearlescent river. Some nights my family and I spread our blankets on the deck and lie uncovered to trace the stars, to witness the Perseids of August—the shower of



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meteors so intense we exhaust ourselves pointing and counting, then fall asleep while the sky above us sparks and flares.

Other nights there is no moon or stars, only clouds gathering in the south and the air so close we labor to breathe. “Storm coming,” my daughter announces, and we wait for the stillness to give way, for the wind we’ll hear first as it pushes across the prairie and down the draws, bringing with it the grit of harvest. Bolts etch the sky, hit the ridges all around us; the thunder cracks above our heads. Perhaps the crop-saving rain will come, or the hail, leaving our garden shredded and bruised. Sometimes, there is nothing but the lightning and thunder, the gale bending the yellow pines to impossible angles, one tree so old and seemingly wise to wind that we watch it as the miners once watched their caged canaries: should the pine ever break, we may do well to seek concrete shelter.

These are the times we huddle together on the couch, mesmerized and alarmed. We know that the storm will pass and that we will find ourselves to have again survived. We know, too, that somewhere around us, the lightning-struck forests have begun to burn: by morning, the canyon will be nearly unseeable, the sunset a smoky vermilion.

The West, Wallace Stegner so famously noted, is defined by its aridity, and this stretch of north Idaho canyon land where I live is no exception. The Clearwater River is the reason for the numerous settlements along its reach as well as those of its tributaries. Logging, mining, agriculture: all are dependent on the presence and ways of water. Fire, too, defines this land, and at no time more so than in the month of August, when the early rains of spring have given way to weeks of no measurable precipitation, when the sweet blossoms of syringa and chokecherry have shriveled and fallen, when wild plums hang blistered with ferment. We must go high into the mountains where the snowpack held longest to find huckleberries, our belt-strung buckets banging our legs, our mouths and fingers stained black, and we go prepared to defend ourselves against two things: the bears who share our fondness for fruit, and fire. Our bear defense is little more than loud conversation and an occasional glance toward the perimeters of our patch. For fire, we carry in our pickup a shovel and a water-worthy bucket. If called upon to do so, we could hope to dig a fire line, or drown a few flames if lucky enough to be near a creek or spring.

Born and raised within a fifty-mile radius of where I now live, I have memories of late summer that are infused with fire. As a child growing up in the logging camps of the Clearwater National Forest, I knew August meant that my father would rise at two a.m. to work the dew-damp hours before noon, when a machine-struck spark could set the wilderness ablaze. But no one could mandate the hours ruled by lightning, and with the lightning came the fires—as many as fifty or sixty from one storm—and with the fires came the pleas for volunteers to man the peaveys, buckets, and bulldozers. Often, the loggers were not asked so much as pressed into service, ordered from their sites and sent to the front lines still wearing their calked boots and pants cut short to avoid snags.

Like my father, my uncles had taken up the life of the lumberjack. Our communal camp was a circle of small wooden trailers, out of which each morning my cousins came, still in their pajamas,

rubbing the sleep from their eyes. I remember my mother and aunts in those weeks of searing high-altitude heat, how they rose with their husbands and made their biscuits and pies so that the wood-fueled stove might cool before dawn, then loaded a pillowcase with sandwiches, fried pies, jugs of iced tea and Kool-Aid that would chill in the creek. Somewhere just over the ridge the men battled to keep the fires at bay, while my cousins and I explored the cool recesses of the stream bed, searching for mussels whose halves spread out like angel wings, prying the translucent periwinkles from their casings to be stabbed onto hooks that would catch the trout we’d have for supper. My sensory memory of those afternoons—the sun on my shoulders, the icy water at my knees, the incense of pine and camas, the image of my mother and aunts lounging with the straps of their swimsuits pulled down, the brush of skin against skin as my cousins sifted the water beside me in their quest for gold—are forever linked with my awareness of the smoke rising in columns only a few miles away, the drone of planes overhead, belly-heavy with retardant, the smell of something dangerous that caused us to lift our faces to the breeze as it shifted. When the men returned, they were red-eyed and weary, smudged with pitch and ash, smelling like coals from the furnace. I watched them drink tumbler after tumbler of iced tea, wondered at the dangers they faced, and thought that I might want to be like them and come home a fighter and a hero.

As a child raised in the woods, I gained my awareness and wariness of fire by way of the stories told by my elders as they sat around the table after dinner, picking their teeth with broom straw, pouring another cup of the stout coffee kept warm atop the cookstove. New fires brought stories of old ones, and so August was full of fire, both distant and near, burning the night horizon, burning the edges of my dreams.

With each year’s August, I feel the familiar expectation that comes with the heat and powder-dry dust boiling up from behind the cars and logging trucks. Expectation, anticipation, sometimes fear of what lies just over the horizon—August is a month of waiting for storm, for fire, for rain, for the season to change and pull us away from our gardens, our open windows and doors, back to the contained warmth of the hearth and the bed that comfort us.

Yet some part of me loves the suspense of August, the hot breath of morning whispering the possibility of high drama, the calm and complacency of dog-day afternoons giving way to evening thunderheads brewing along the ridge. Something’s afoot, something’s about to happen, and I shiver with the sureness of it.

Years when I have lived in town, surrounded by asphalt, concrete, and brick, there was little to fear from the dance of electricity lighting the sky except the loss of electricity itself. Here in the country, on the south-facing slope of the Clearwater Canyon, what surrounds us is something as volatile and menacing as the tinder-dry forest: miles of waist-high grass and thistle the color and texture of straw. Just such desiccated vegetation fueled the flames that killed the men made famous by Norman Maclean’s book *Young Men and Fire* (1992), the story of the tragic 1949 Mann Gulch blaze.

We have no rural fire district here; each of us who has chosen to call this small settlement

home knows that should a wildfire come our way, we have only our wits to protect us—that and every available gunnysack, shovel, hoe, and tractor the community can provide. All through the summer we watch from our windows as the sun leeches the green from the hills and the color from the sky, and the land takes on a pale translucence. Come August, we have counted the days since no rain, and we know that somewhere a storm is building, perhaps just to the south where the horizontal plane of the Camas Prairie intersects the vertical thrust of the Seven Devils—the mountains whose peaks rise jagged and white through the brown haze of harvest.

We check our flashlights, our candle supply; we fill our bathtubs with water. There will be wind, which will switch the sumac and send the sage-brush busting across the gravel roads; it will tear the limbs from the trees, drop them across the power lines in some part of the county so remote that the service crew will take hours, sometimes days, to locate and repair them. Then comes the lightning, blasting the tops from the tallest pines, striking the poles that carry our phone and electricity. The lights will flicker, then fail; the air conditioner will moan into silence. Pumps that pull the water from the springs will lapse into stillness; our toilets and faucets will gurgle and go dry. If we’re lucky, what passes over us will be nothing more than the black raft of storm clouds, and the seconds we count between lightning and thunder will never fall below five. But there have been times when the bolt and jarring crack have come simultaneously, and we have known, then, that the lightning has touched somewhere near us, and that we must watch more carefully now and smell the air and be ready to fight or to run.

The summer of 1998, on just such an evening, we sat at the dinner table with my in-laws, who had arrived from Illinois for a weeklong visit. My husband Bob and I had each kept an eye on the clouds mushrooming behind Angel Ridge; to my Midwestern relatives, the oppressive humidity seemed nothing unusual, but to us, accustomed to zero percent air moisture, the too-still air signaled a weather change. When I stepped out onto the deck, I could hear the wind coming, huffing its way up the canyon like a steam engine. Within minutes, I was hit with a blast of hot air, then felt the cool come in behind it. The first reverberating boom made the hair stand up on the back of my neck, a response so atavistic I could barely resist the instinctual urge to take shelter. Instead, I raised my face to the wind, redolent with fennel and sage, locust and mullein, the arid incense of a summer’s rich dust; along the edges of the breeze, I could smell the dampness of distant rain.

Back at the table, we drank our coffee and shared stories of the past year. I got up once to fill a few pitchers with water. The lightning moved closer—only a few seconds between the flash and thunder—and then a clap so loud and close we all jumped. Not really a clap, not even a boom, but a sharp, ripping roar. Bob and I looked at one another and headed for the porch, and then we could see it: to the west, a narrow column of smoke just beginning to rise. Even as we watched, the column grew thicker, and then we felt the wind gain momentum, pushing east toward us.

The county road, we knew, was our best hope, cutting between us and the fire, providing a fuel-free strip where the flames might falter. Earlier in the summer, Bob had cut, raked, and burned a fire-line around our house, decreasing the chances that fire could reach us, but what we couldn't shield ourselves against were the airborne cinders already beginning to descend.

"It's right behind the Bringman place," Bob said. "If we don't get it stopped, they'll be in trouble."

I had a vague acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Bringman, an elderly couple who have worked the canyon land for decades. Their house and outbuildings sit a quarter-mile above and to the west of us, in the middle of what was then a good crop of ripe wheat. We had come to know them as we have come to know most of our neighbors: by our happenstance run-ins at the P.O. Mr. Bringman is also known for his homemade wine. Local history holds that his land had once belonged to a man of some note who had imported grapevines from France and planted them in the sandy bluffs above the river. "Noble vines," Mr. Bringman pronounced, and we began saving our empty store-bought bottles so that, once a month, he could swing by on his four-wheeler to collect them and drop off a sample of the wine he had put up the past summer, which we dutifully shelved, though he insisted it was quite ready to drink now.

"You get on the phone," Bob said. "I'm going up there." Already the smoke and ash had darkened the sky to a deep shade of gray.

"Wear boots," I said. "Take a wet handkerchief and gloves."

While Bob gathered his gear, I picked up the phone and dialed. Mrs. Bringman's voice came on the line, high-pitched and quavering. "Tell your husband to get here as fast as he can," she said. "Call anyone you can. It's coming our way."

I hung up, then began a series of calls, knowing that for each call I made, two more would go out, word of the lightning strike spreading faster than the fire itself, fanning out across the ridges and high prairie for miles, until every family would be alerted. I knew that every wife and mother would dial the next number down the road, that each man and his oldest sons would don their hats and boots, grab their shovels and buckets and be out the door within minutes, all guided by the pillar of smoke that marked the point of danger as surely as a lighthouse beam.

I paused in my calling long enough to kiss Bob as he hurried out the door. I could see the charge in his eyes, the urgency and excitement, and I felt the regret and longing and resignation I had as a child when the men had gone into the wilderness, to the front where the stories were being made and the dramas played out.

"Remember how fast the fire can move," I said. I had a momentary image of my husband scrabbling across the canyon's steep pitch and felt my heart jerk with fear. "Do you have a lighter?"

Bob nodded, remembering, as I remembered, the story of the ranger who survived the Mann Gulch fire.

"Be careful," I cautioned.

I will," he said, and was gone.

I could see the flames themselves now, flaring twenty feet into the sky. I let the screen door swing shut, went back to the phone, and began another call.

The men came in their pickups and stock trucks and cars, on their four-wheelers and tractors—a steady parade passing by our house. Having exhausted my list of numbers, I gave up my station to stand with my children and in-laws where our gravel driveway met the gravel road. We tried to determine what we could of the fire's direction. We waved our support as our neighbors flew by, driving too fast, we thought, though we understood their urgency. On the slope just above us, the Goodes and Grimms and Andersons had set their sprinklers atop their roofs, dampening the embers and sparking ash that floated and fell around us like fireflies in the darkening sky. I'd instructed my ten-year-old daughter and eight-year-old son to stand ready with the hose, knowing that should the power lines go down, our electric pump that drew water from the spring below would be useless; our only defense against the fire would be whatever water remained in the storage tank. But if we used that water for prevention, we would have none left should the fire reach us.

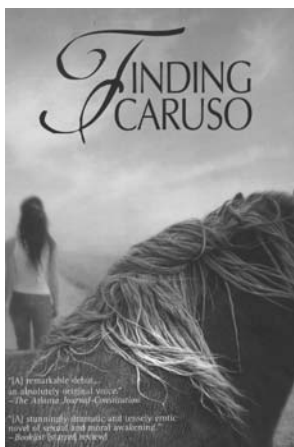
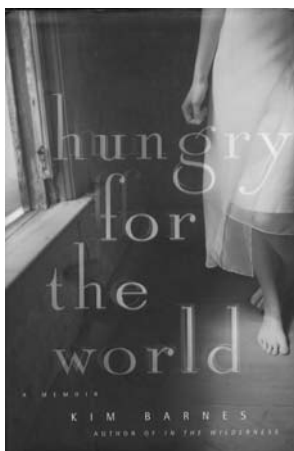
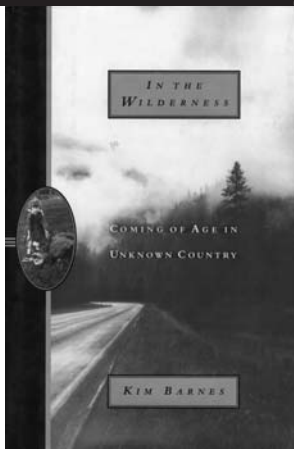
As twilight deepened, the fire's glow grew more distinct along the western horizon, until the last rays of sunlight were indistinguishable from the orange-red aura melding sky to land. My mother-in-law, city raised and only half understanding her son's desire to live in such a wild place, did her best to reign in her fear; my father-in-law, nearing eighty, paced in frustration: he should be out there, offering what help he could. Had it not been for the fire's location along the breaks of the canyon, our ability to keep him clear of the battle would have proven much more difficult.

We all knew the immediate danger Bob and the other men faced—the fire—but there were other concerns I kept to myself. Just down the road from our house is a jut of land named Rattlesnake Point: we kill an average of two diamondbacks per year in our yard; the annual score we spy along the roads and paths outside our property we leave be. In times of fire, every living thing flees from what threatens it—cougar, deer, elk, rabbit, pheasant, field mouse, bear, and rattlesnakes, too, slithering ahead of the heat faster than most could imagine, sometimes smoking from their close brush with death. My hope was that, should Bob encounter a snake, it would be too intent on escape to strike at the legs of a man.

And then there was the terrain itself: fragile shelves of talus, slanted fields of scree. The land could give way beneath your feet, begin moving like a tipped mass of marbles. I have had it happen before, while hunting chukar, and found myself grabbing at the smallest outcroppings of sage and buckbrush, feeling them pull loose in my hands, the only thing below me a chute toward an outcropping of columnar basalt that would launch me into the canyon. I've always been lucky, able to catch a knob of stable rock or wedge my foot into the roots of a stunted hawthorn, but that memory of falling, of gathering momentum, of hurtling toward endless open space, has never left me. I knew that Bob was sure-footed and careful; I knew, too, that in the lapse of light, the ground's definition would fade.

The smoke thickened. We covered our faces with our hands, coughing, our eyes watering, unwilling to abandon our vigil, knowing how much more those closer to the fire were having to endure. I ordered the children back to the house, but they would not go. They wanted to be of some help, perhaps believing, as I did, that our standing guard might somehow keep the fire at bay. The glow had moved higher up the ridge; the flames leapt, receded, then leapt again. With the wind and lack of equipment, we had little hope that simple manpower could contain the fire. I estimated that a half-mile of pasture land separated us from the conflagration—that and the road—and I told myself we could hold our ground for a little while longer before loading the cars with what we most treasured: photographs, books, laptop computer, the children's most precious belongings. The possibility of losing our home and everything in it seemed very real to me, but I considered it with little emotion. What was utmost in my mind was the safety of my loved ones: the family that gathered closer as the smoke increased, and my husband, somewhere just over the ridge, risking his life to save the nearby houses and barns, the crops and timber, perhaps even a entire small town should the fire run the ridge and drop over into the next draw. At that moment, I wasn't sure the saving was worth the risk. How could I weigh the loss of my husband against nothing more than property and economy? There was little chance that anyone other than the firefighters themselves was in danger—by now, everyone in the county had been warned. Why not stand back, allow the fire to meet the river on one side, the linkage of creeks on the other? In the end, it would burn itself out.

But then I remembered the stories—the fire of 1910, the young men who had died so suddenly by thinking the distance between them and the fire enough—and I realized that this wasn't about the wheat field a mile down the road or the home of the family at the bottom of the draw. It was about fire. It was about crowning and whirls, convection and blowups. It was about



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August and a summer’s long drought. It was about three million acres burned in a matter of days—the width and breadth of many whole states.

What I wished for, then, was the help of all the technology and knowledge such fires of the past had brought into being. The fire of 1910 showed everyone that crews of men scattered about the burning edges would never be enough, and then the Forest Service began its study and transformation of firefighting. But we do not live in a forest; we live on private land, too distant to warrant the protection of the city, too sparsely populated to afford the luxury of a volunteer fire department. That August of 1998, our situation was little different from the one facing the farmers and loggers and townspeople of 1910: our primitive tools had not changed, and at that moment, I began to realize that our chances of saving our home had not, either.

I moved down the driveway, preparing myself to announce that it was time to pack up, to position ourselves by the river where Bob might find us. But then came the roar of something overhead—the thrum and air-beat of a helicopter. I looked up to see what I had believed would not come to us: help from the outside world.

From beneath the helicopter hung a length of cable attached to a large vinyl-and-canvas bucket. The pilot did not head for the fire but for the river, where he hovered and dropped and filled the bucket with nearly one hundred gallons of water—a half ton hoisted up and swinging from the Bell Jet Ranger. As we watched, the helicopter leaned itself toward the fire’s furthest point, the bale opened, and a sheet of water rained down.

My daughter and son let loose with whoops of excitement. My in-laws and I clapped and hugged, jubilant at this unexpected turn of events. Again and again, the pilot followed his path from river to fire, until the ribbon of flame along the horizon had dimmed to a faint glow; within an hour, we could no longer point to even the smallest flare.

We stood watch as night came on, unable to see the helicopter now but tracing its direction by the deep hum that drifted to us on the smoky breeze. Although we were safe, rescued by the graces of the Clearwater-Potlatch Timber Protective Association, who had sent the helicopter because they were fighting no fires of their own, we all knew our wait was not over: somewhere in the darkness was our father, son, and husband. The line of vehicles that had sped by us earlier now came in reverse—a slower-moving column whose lights passed over us as we held up our hands in a gesture of greeting and gratitude.

“Bob will be coming soon,” I said. “Let’s go make him some fresh iced tea.”

We walked the few yards back to the house, turned on the porch light. Our jubilation had been replaced by a quiet fear that grew with each passing minute—fear that receded and then leapt up each time another pickup approached but did not slow and turn into our driveway.

“He should be back by now,” my father-in-law said, pacing from the window to the door and back again. “Maybe I should go see if I can find him.”

I knew that Bob and the other men would

have driven off-road and into the fields, gaining what time they could against the fire. Even if we could locate our four-wheel-drive, there was no guarantee Bob would be near it. Without light, the diminishing fire behind him and the total blackness of rural night before him, he could walk for hours before finding his way back to where he had parked.

“I think we should wait,” I said. “He’ll stay as long as he’s needed. Someone will come and get us if there’s trouble.” I listened to my own words, only half believing. What if Bob had gotten turned around, fallen into a ravine, been isolated and trapped by the fire? What if he were lying somewhere in the dark, injured, unable to save himself?

I thought again of the rough terrain—familiar to me from the many walks Bob and I had taken, the many hours we had spent exploring and visually mapping the area. The fire likely would have eaten its way across Bedrock Canyon, down to the river and up to the top of the ridge, creating acres and acres of charcoal earth, charcoal sky—like a black blizzard. How could we hope to find him?

We made the tea. We gathered and washed the dinner dishes. We distracted the children with books and puzzles until none of us could be distracted any longer. We gathered outside in the cooling air, still heavy with smoke that would hang in the canyon for days.

“Come on, Bob,” I whispered to myself. “Come on.” I thought of my mother and aunts then, waiting as I waited, fighting the growing panic with the mundane details of daily life. How many hours had they spent watching from the window above the sink, their hands submerged in soapy water, their fingers blindly tracing the knife’s edge? How many Augusts had passed in a haze of worry and despair as the lightning came down and the flames rose up and the men disappeared into that place where no one could reach them?

But then, the lights at the top of the driveway, the held breath, the release as the engine idled and died.

I let my daughter and son reach him first, escort him into the house. He was covered with soot, his white T-shirt scorched, burned through in some places; his face was red, nearly blistered beneath the ashy smudges. We hovered around him, offering tea, voicing our concern and sympathy. I stepped up close, breathed in the familiar smell of everything burned—the dead grass and live trees, the cloth on his back, the singed hair.

“I’m so glad you’re okay.” I wanted to cry—out of relief that he was home, out of anger at the fire, out of frustration that I had found myself caught up in the same cycle that my mother had known so well. I knew that the stories Bob would tell of the fire would become part of our family’s shared history, that we would recite and embellish the narrative with each passing summer, that we would always remember the way he shook his head when he told us: “There was no way we were going to be able to stop it. But then I heard the helicopter, directly overhead. I looked up just as the bottom of the bucket opened. I’ve never felt anything so good in my life.”

The next day, we drove downriver to view where the fire had burned—an oily pool spread across the golden hillside. After the fire subsided, Bob had found himself disoriented and had wandered in the dark for an hour before coming across several other men. Together they were able to find their way back. “I can look up there now,” he said, “and have no idea where I was.”

Later, when I asked my son what he remembered about the fire, he answered quickly: “I remember that I couldn’t breathe.” My daughter recalled the ash falling and my concern that we would lose our water supply. And she reminded me of something I had forgotten: “What I remember most,” she said, “is how badly I wanted to go and help fight the fire, and how you wouldn’t let me.”

Perhaps she will be the one to leave the phone and go to the place where stories are being made, the one who will not be left behind. One of the most respected smoke jumping crews in the country is composed entirely of women; of the fourteen Oregon-based firefighters who died in the Colorado fire of 1994, four were female. I shudder with the thought of my son or daughter choosing to try himself, herself, against such an adversary. I wonder if I would come to dread and despise the month I love so well, for I am strangely wedded to the tyrannical heat, the thunderstorms, even the fire—the absolutism, the undeniable presence of August in my life.

Instead of wading the ashes of August, I spend many late summer days wading the river. This is Nez Perce land, and the water’s flux covers and uncovers the remnants of their ancient industry: arrowheads, spear points, blades of obsidian. I come to the Clearwater armed only with a hook and line, meaning to fool the fish with a tuft of feather, a swirl of bright thread. I step in to my waist and feel the strange dissonance of temperature—my feet numbing with cold, the crown of my head hot with sun. I stand for a moment, brace myself. I am all that is still, an island anchored by nothing more than the felt soles of my boots. I load my line, cast toward the calm above the current. I imagine the fish rising, its world a kaleidoscope of shattered light.

Through the cooling nights of fall, during the long nights of winter when ice rimes the eddies, I dream of August, the water at my hips, my line lacing the sun. I wake to the odor of woodsmoke—my husband firing the stove—but for a sleepy moment it is the warm wind that I smell, the burning of yellow pine and prairie grass and wheat stubble. I smell summer sage and mullein, the licorice spice of dog fennel. I smell the cool drift of fish-scent off the river. I open my eyes, expecting early light, the windows still open to the morning breeze, but what I see instead is the darkness before sunrise, the frost that glisters each pane of glass, and I am bereft.

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NATIONAL



Mike Simpson



Mike Crapo

VOICES of support

Since President George W. Bush appointed, and the U.S. Senate approved, Dana Gioia as chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts, the NEA has provided an increasingly encouraging vision of the role of the arts in the lives of all Americans.

In the time since the appointment, the partnership pass-through provision of funding from the National Endowment to the state of Idaho has also grown in significance and consequence. This year, for example, it has resulted in an appropriation of over \$500,000 to Idaho to match our own Legislative funding. An additional \$124,000 was awarded for Challenge America, focused on arts education, access to the arts, creative alternatives for youth, local community arts development, and cultural heritage and preservation.

As well, Log Cabin Literary Center in Boise was one of ten national recipients of \$25,000 NEA grants—theirs will manage a five-week summer writing academy at the Fort Hall Shoshone-Bannock Reservation. Boise Chamber Music Society at BSU received a \$7,000 award for heritage and preservation. The Hispanic Cultural Center in Nampa received a \$40,000 grant for after-school programs. And Idaho Shakespeare Festival was awarded \$18,000 from the NEA as part of a rural outreach project to perform plays for youth across the state. All of these grants and awards, moreover, were matched with local dollars.

I applaud Dana Gioia's management and direction of the NEA. As your representative in the U. S. Senate I am gratified that federal funds can act as a catalyst for creative talent at the local level.

• U.S. Senator Mike Crapo

As you may know, funding for the NEA is determined during debate on appropriations for the Interior Department and other related agencies. In his FY2005 budget proposal, President Bush requested \$139.4 million to fund the NEA. The FY2005 request for \$15 million in additional resources represents a sizable increase following three years of level budget requests.

In January 2003, President Bush appointed Dana Gioia as chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts. I am pleased and encouraged by the direction and leadership Chairman Gioia is providing for the NEA. Within the FY2005 budget, \$53 million is set aside for state arts organizations and underserved communities to insure that arts reach all Americans. The NEA is now clearly focused on its core mission of fostering excellence in the arts and providing access to the arts for all Americans.

You will be pleased to learn that during consideration of the FY2005 Interior Appropriations Bill I voted on two separate occasions to support funding for the NEA. First, I voted against an amendment offered by Rep. Tom Tancredo (R-CO) that would have reduced the NEA budget by \$60 million and diverted the funding for other uses. Second, I supported an amendment offered by Rep. Louis Slaughter that will increase funding for the NEA by \$10 million and funding for the National Endowment for the Humanities by \$3.5 million. The Tancredo amendment failed in the House and the Slaughter amendment passed.

Although we must closely examine every request for increased funding during a time of tight budget constraints, I am encouraged by the NEA's commitment to serving the public and providing direct grants to local and state arts organizations. Rest assured, I will continue to closely monitor NEA operations and will consider funding for the National Endowment for the Arts with your comments and concerns in mind.

• U.S. Congressman Mike Simpson

As the executive director for the Idaho Commission on the Arts, I simply want to express my own appreciation and that of our constituents in all reaches of the state for the heartening endorsement we have received from these two national representatives. The House vote, incidentally, was 241-185.

• Dan Harpole

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in the COMPANY

OF MASTERS

"around the dinner table"

Wax flower bouquet by J. Callsen



When asked how culture is transmitted in the Latino community, Jesse and Maria Andrea Berain of Boise said simultaneously, "around the dinner table."

Their "around the dinner table" became a recurring metaphor I often use to describe the relationships between masters and apprentices in the Traditional Arts Apprenticeship program. It is either around the dinner table or in the family living room; on the dance floor or in the fields; around the work bench or with a musical instrument that masters of different traditions and generations pass down what they know. These shared experiences, skills, language, work practices, ethnicity, or artistic traditions provide the basis for community cultural identity to thrive and continue.

The National Endowment for the Arts and most state legislatures support Traditional Arts Apprenticeships to nurture the continuation of traditional artistic expressions in our increasingly diverse communities. Idaho current apprenticeships include Indian dance, Basque music, Mexican craft, saddlemaking, leather tooling, and rawhide braiding.

Basque accordion music

Miren Carmen Lete-Odencrantz of Eagle, master
Alex DeBoer of Nampa, apprentice

Music, dance, food, games, and other community celebrations are also part of everyday life and continue to provide a significant source of cultural enrichment and meaning for Basques and for the communities where they live in the West. In the late 1800s, Basque men, primarily from the province of Bizkaia, began to arrive in Boise in search of employment. Word of mouth brought a steady stream of Basques who became the backbone of Idaho's growing sheep-ranching industry. In lesser numbers, they also worked in mining and logging. Owned and run by Englishmen and Scots, the state's sheep ranches required a larger, dedicated labor force. Basque herders earned the respect of ranchers for their ethics and industriousness. Over more than a century the community has grown and includes people from other Basque provinces and from all walks of life. In Idaho and in neighboring states language schools, dance groups, choirs, bands, and ensembles are dedicated to the presentation and preservation of Basque cultural traditions. Strongly influenced by National Heritage Fellow Jim

Jausoro, Idaho's Basque community is proud of its musicians and dancers.

Miren Carmen Lete-Odencrantz is an accordionist who retains a vast repertoire of Basque music. "Basque music is part of everyday life in my family. We regularly listen to Basque Music at home and in the car. I play Basque ethnic music on the accordion," she says. Miren grew up in Marsing, where her parents ranched. Jim Jausoro, one of her mentors, describes her as "an excellent dancer and a fine musician." In 1972, Miren participated in the first Bogus Basin Basque Music Camp. At age eight, she began to dance with the Boise'Ko Gasteak. Later, she joined the Oinkari Basque Dancers and now volunteers to play the accordion for the Boise'Ko Gasteak.

She knows it is important for dancers to have live music for practices and public presentations. She volunteers to play for the Boise'ko Gasteak. Director Barrinaga says "Miren has been able to not only bring her music, but her language as well, because she is fluent in Basque. It is so good for our dancers to see her as a musician, speaker of Euskera (Basque), and the mother of two young children, practicing every week. Miren is a kind and giving person, willing to share her culture in ways that influence the future of these children."

After Linda's daughter Josi left for college, Linda asked Miren to take her daughter's student, Alex DeBoers, as an apprentice. This apprenticeship concerns the ties that keep Basque cultural expressions alive. Jim Jausoro was Miren and Josi's master, and both of them continue to play and to teach others.

Bharatha Natyam dance

Sudha Vasudevan of Boise, master
Ashley Raina of Boise, apprentice

Idaho's Indian community has grown considerably since the 1970s when the first families arrived to work at Hewlett Packard. Their cultural associations and a Vedic Temple provide the foundation for the sharing of their rich cultural heritage through music, dance, and foodways.

Sudha Vasudevan is known in Idaho for her practice and teaching of Bharatha Natyam, an ancient classical

dance from India that is her preferred dance style. Families in Boise and in the Treasure Valley bring their children to learn from Sudha. According to Sudha, one can best understand the meaning of Bharatha Natyan by deconstructing the two words into syllables: "Bha" (from Bhaava) means mood, expression. "Ra" (Raga) denotes musical expression, melody, and "Tha" means rhythmic timing. "Natyam" combines the words "Nritta," pure dance, "Nritya," expressive composition, and "Natya," spoken word.

Guru Jayalakshmi Arunachalam taught Sudha from age five until the completion of her apprenticeship at age twelve. She practiced for two years and passed her Arangetram, a series of exams that assess proficiency in performance at age fourteen. Upon completion of her studies under Arunachalam, Sudha started teaching and performing solo in Madras, India. She moved to the United States a few years ago and continues to perform while teaching others in the Indian community.

Ashely Raina, her current apprentice, also started dancing at age five. Born in the United States to Indian parents, she is growing up immersed in Indian culture and values. She learned Kathak dance as an apprentice to Piyali Sarkar, and has performed consistently at Indian cultural and religious celebrations. Last year, Sudha took Ashley as her apprentice. Ashley says, "I enjoy her as my teacher and look forward to having a long learning relationship with her."

Moños for Mexican folk dance

Yadira Arreguin of Nampa, master
Xochtil Fuhriman-Ebert of Nampa, apprentice

Folk dance is an important element of cultural identity for ethnic communities, and Mexican folk dance is no exception. Widely practiced in small and large communities, it brings distinct ethnic and regional cultures of Mexico to our communities. Costumes, along with music, zapateado, and faldeo, identify regional traditions, history, and mythology, and provide esteem to dancers and the community.

Mexican folk dancer **Yadira Arreguin** has twenty years of practice in the Treasure Valley. She also assists the Traditional Mexican Dancers director Norma Pintar and teaches other local groups. As part of her role, she learned how to make the moños-headpieces-identifying different Mexican regional cultures and dances. Yadira will teach Xóchitl Fuhriman-Ebert how



Headstall by Jeff Minor





Jeannette Callsen, Corona maker and Quinceañera traditionalist, with Amy Rojas

Gary Keithley, Saddlemaker

Miren Carmen Lete-Odencrantz, Basque accordionist

Yadira Arreguin, Mexican folk dancer

to make moños. After the apprenticeship, Xochitl will provide local dance groups—and her young daughter—with moños for their dances. Both live in Nampa and dance with different local groups.

Floral leather carving

Cary Schwarz of Salmon, master
Jeff Minor of Salmon, apprentice

Cary Schwarz grew up on a ranch. In the early 1970s, he began working on leather in a Twin Falls holster shop. The early 1980s marked his apprenticeship in saddlemaking and, as he says, “education continues to date.” Admittedly

influenced by Chas Weldon (Ray Holes Saddle Company, Grangeville, Idaho), Dale Harwood, and Chuck Stormes, Cary has developed a personal style of tooling leather based on traditional motifs. “I believe the best saddles are those that successfully blend function and art.” Detail-oriented and a highly skilled draftsman, Cary’s floral designs are exquisite, delicate, and flow with the shape of the saddle.

Jeff Minor is a rawhide and leather braider. Like Cary, he is attentive to detail, has lived and worked on ranches most of his life, and “came to appreciate western culture and traditions by living them.” At age seventeen he bought his first custom saddle, and realized he wanted to be a saddlemaker too. In 1981 he spent five months learning the craft from Bob Klenda in Colorado. He has owned saddle shops in Colorado, Nebraska, and Idaho.

Both now live in Salmon, Idaho. Cary, who has taught other apprentices, employed Jeff to work on floral designs. This apprenticeship matches two successful horse-gear makers endowed with mutual respect and regard.

Western custom bootmaking, packer-style

Steven Gilger with Bev Gilger of Dubois, masters

Seth Teichert of Dubois, apprentice

In eastern Idaho, where Bev and Steven Gilger live, bootmakers are uncommon. A cowboy would have to go to Salmon or Bancroft, Idaho, to find one.

For the past eighteen years, they have owned Dubois Leather & Shoe in Dubois, Idaho. A respected husband-wife team, they are known in the Northwest for the quality of their product. Steve credits much of what they know to the folks at Whites Boots in Spokane, Washington, as well as to other bootmakers in Nevada, Oregon, and Montana. Like most masters of any skill or trade, the knowledge they acquired helped them create work of excellent quality for working cowboys and for fancier dress.

They started building packers, a lace-up version of the traditional cowboy boots, for themselves and their family and, as he says, “we went on from there” to produce over 1,000 pairs of custom packers.

They consider Seth Teichert “the most eligible apprentice they have encountered in a number of years.” Seth’s eagerness to learn how to build and repair boots convinced the Gilgers. Seth also makes chaps, chinks and other cowboy gear and believes in keeping traditional cowboy gear in use.

Saddlemaking

Gary Keithley of Melba, master
Jim Lacey of Midvale, apprentice

Gary Keithley grew up on the ranch that has belonged to the Keithly family since 1872. As a child, he helped his grandfather with daily chores and the care of livestock. While in high school, he began making leather items such as belts, chaps, headstalls, repairing spur straps and other tack. At that time, he avidly read leather tooling magazines. While he attended the Treasure Valley Community College in Ontario, Oregon, Gary visited Jack Fisher’s saddle shop, observed how he

worked, and was taught the first steps in building his own saddle. It was, says Gary, built with Fisher’s help. In 1988, interested in learning production saddlemaking, he apprenticed with Billy Cook. Gary worked intermittently on ranches and on gear making until the late 1980s.

In 1992, at the late Elmer Miller’s Bit and Spur School, he apprenticed to Gary Weber. Keithley learned from Kenneth Queen, a family friend, how to overlay steel with sterling silver. He is also an accomplished silversmith known for the quality and beauty of his bits, spurs and, occasionally, jewelry. In addition, his wife Linda Morton-Keithley is a saddle-blanket weaver.

His nephew Jim Lacey grew up around Gary and Linda’s Melba ranch. From an early age, he has “shadowed” Uncle Gary, helped with chores and the making of leather items. He is interested in saddlemaking, as well. This apprenticeship will provide Jim with the opportunity to produce his first saddle from beginning to end.

Coronas and Quinceañera tradition

Jeannette Callsen of Caldwell, master

Imelda Iris “Amy” Rojas of Caldwell, apprentice

Quinceañera is a rite of passage for Mexican girls at age fifteen.

As in other traditions, the Quinceañera celebration includes an elaborate sequence. It starts with a religious celebration and concludes with a meal and community dance. The special outfit worn by the Quinceañera requires a corona (crown) made from flowers and ahzares (orange blossoms representing purity).

In 1987, Jeannete Callsen was an apprentice to master Eva Castellanos of Nyssa, Oregon and both have assisted families and organizations in the Treasure Valley in the preparation of many Quinceañera celebrations.

Jeannette has always counted on Amy’s assistance when she gives flower-making demonstrations in schools. They have been friends for years. Admiration for Jeannette’s community work and skills in flowermaking motivated Amy to apply for this apprenticeship.

In a couple of years, Amy Rojas’ daughter will be fifteen and Amy wants her to have a traditional Quinceañera. As the apprenticeship progresses, she will be able to make her daughter’s corona, bouquet, and other ceremonial objects. She will also learn how to conduct the ceremony. Like Jeannette, Amy volunteers in the community and intends to pass on what she learns from her master.

Rawhide braiding

Pidge Ash of Kooskia, master

Chris Hunter of Kooskia, apprentice

Pidge Ash has learned “how to fix hides—dehair and cut into strips for reins, romals, headstalls, quirts, and hobbles.” She married George Ash, who learned from her parents, and he subsequently taught Pidge to braid and knot.

She and her late husband have since provided working cowboys with the best gear available. A rancher for the past three decades, Pidge has dedicated considerable time to braiding gear, demonstrating at western gatherings, and giving exhibitions of her work nationally and internationally.

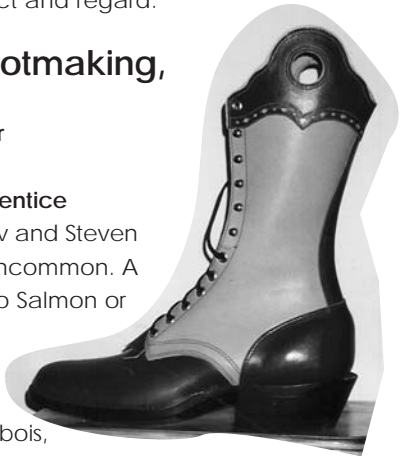
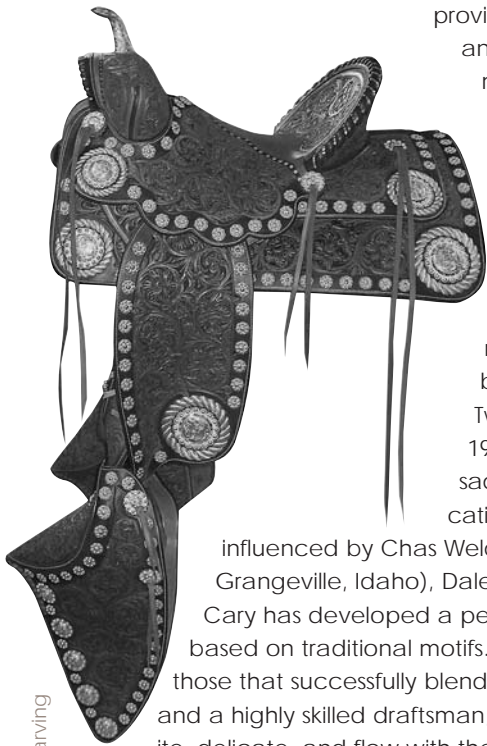
Chris Hunter is George and Pidge Ash’s daughter. A wheelwright, she has studied basic braiding for the past two years. Aware of the tradition practiced by her parents, she is committed to continuing rawhide braiding.

As she masters complex braiding and knotting techniques, Chris will complete a bosal with the nose and heel knot, a complete set of reins and romal, and a quirt.



Bosal by Pidge Ash

Saddle with floral carving by Cary Schwarz



an AUTHENTIC GIFT TO THE FUTURE

2005 Arts Education Grants

The Arts in Education program provides support for challenging arts-learning in schools and communities. The Commission is persuaded that all young people should have curriculum-based arts education linked to content standards and enriched by opportunities to work with artists and arts resources from the community.

To achieve this goal, the AIE program encourages teachers, artists, arts organizations, and communities to partner in fostering the learning and artistic development of students and their teachers in pre-kindergarten through grade twelve. The intent, obviously, is to enrich and support arts

BOISE

\$12,300 to **Ballet Idaho** for support of four educational outreach programs for 2004-2005 academic year: Learning through Dance, employing a professional dance educator in third-grade classrooms for a ten weeks; School Connections, a touring fifty-minute interactive assembly for students in grades K-6; Rural Outreach, training rural dance instructors; and Teacher in-Service Workshops.

\$11,550 to the **Boise Art Museum** for its *Free School Tour Program*, providing annual art education for 10,000 students and teachers through docent-led tours and accompanying

\$6,600 to **Idaho Dance Theatre** for its educational outreach. The program furnishes students with experience in dance, along with teamwork, physical fitness, creativity, and personal expression.

\$10,050 to **Idaho Parents Unlimited/VSA Arts of Idaho** for *Creative Access*, recognizing the abilities and strengths of students with and without disabilities through an integrated arts experience with rostered and community artists. Designed for arts education for students under an Individualized Education Plan (IEP).

\$11,550 to the **Idaho Shakespeare Festival** for Shakespeareance, educational tours to middle, junior, and senior high schools in Idaho. February



education beyond the standard offering of public and private schools. We enhance existing programs through support of innovative curricula, assessment, and community resources.

This year the panel reviewed all of the Arts Education Project applications according to new criteria emphasizing powerful arts learning through effective planning. Successful grant applications represented effective leadership, partnership, and outreach. They were characterized by decisions based on current, accurate information aligned with a vision of what it means to value the arts. And they represented an ongoing commitment to measure progress and share the results. To have succeeded in such a process is an accomplishment well worthy of congratulations.

art exploration workshops. Funding will support transportation reimbursement covering travel to the museum from rural schools.

\$4,551 to **Big Brothers, Big Sisters of Southwest Idaho** for an arts project offering underserved students and their adult mentors creative writing sessions with a professional writer reflecting on their other arts experiences. Partners include Log Cabin Literary Center and other arts organizations in Boise's cultural district.

\$5,372 to **El-Ada Action Partnership** for *Building Healthy Families Through the Arts*, a partnership between El-Ada and the Idaho Department of Corrections. Rostered artists Cathy Sher, Kay Braden, Joy Steiner, Tom Bennick, and Boise State University art students will provide arts education workshops to incarcerated, released, court-involved, and homeless mothers and their children.

through May, the actors will tour a condensed performance to these students, reaching an audience of 25,000. Performances include full sets, costumes, and sound.

\$10,650 to **Idaho Theater for Youth** for students and teachers in grades K-6. Performances will allow Idaho children in 40 of Idaho's 44 counties to enjoy relevant, lively, and accessible theater.

\$12,300 to Log Cabin Literary Center for its Summer Writing Camp in Boise and Caldwell, with expansion to Garden Valley, Wood River Valley, and Fort Hall. To make use of unique opportunities, curriculum will differ slightly at each site.

\$2,320 to the **Work and Learn Program** for *Snapshots: Lives in Transition*, involving local artists, art professionals, and at-risk youth at the Work and Learn school. Students will photograph, and write about three local artists in

creating works of art. Project partners: Independent School District of Boise City, Boise State University, Stewart Gallery, and local businesses.

BUHL

\$3,484 to **Buhl Arts Council** to support twelve performances for Buhl and Castleford students, 2004-2005. Through a partnership with the Buhl Public Library, books will be available to expand on the performances.

\$2,508 to the **Buhl Public Library** for *Art Adventure*. Castleford third and fourth grade students will tour the exhibits at the Buhl Arts Council five times a year, participate in an art project, eat a lunch donated by area restaurants, and visit the Buhl Public Library to learn about the books relevant to the exhibit.

CALDWELL

\$9,349 to **Caldwell Fine Arts** for school enrichment programs for Caldwell School District and other school districts: Vallivue, Marsing, Wilder, Middleton, Notus, Parma, Payette, New Plymouth, Nampa, Emmett, Homedale (K-12). Programs presented at the Jewett Auditorium or various schools.



CASCADE

\$1,720 to **Smile at Me** for “Inside Milfoil,” a visual art, creative writing, and science community project. Students will create a play/performance focusing on Eurasian milfoil, an aquatic weed infesting and threatening local lakes and reservoirs. Partners: McCall Elementary, McCall-Donnelly High School, Cascade High School, Idaho Invasive Species Council, Cascade Reservoir managers, McCall Arts & Humanities Council, Idaho Department of Environmental Quality, and Big Payette Lake Water Quality Council.

KETCHUM

\$9,450 to the **Sun Valley Center for the Arts** to bring a consultant to develop sequential curriculum for its after-school arts program, thus developing tools to measure the impact of the programs and to collect data to guide leadership.

\$4,047 to the **Sun Valley Summer Symphony** to support master classes and student mentoring. Master classes will be presented by nationally-recognized guest artists who will work with students on techniques, methods, and styles in strings, voice, and piano.

LEWISTON

\$2,665 to the **Northwest Children’s Home**. Students will work with rostered artist Will Leaton in creating a mural of historical community events. It will be painted on the exterior of the Northwest Children’s Home Education Center. Partners: Lewis-Clark Building Contractors Association, Lewis-Clark State College, Hellsgate State Park, parents, several local businesses.

McCALL

\$2,968 to the **McCall Arts & Humanities Council** for *ArtSchool*, pairing local artists with fifth-grade classes. Lesson plans are based on the Idaho Humanities Achievement Standards and complement the teacher’s curriculum.

MOSCOW

\$12,600 to **Festival Dance & Performing Arts** for four *Youthreach School Programs* reaching 2,000 students from eight communities. Three professional companies will tour area schools with lectures, demonstrations, and performances. In addition, thirty-six *Discover Dance* classes in jazz, modern dance, African dance, and Chinese dance will be taught by professional instructors in an urban and a rural school.

NAMPA

\$9,750 to the **Hispanic Cultural Center of Idaho** for the *Stay-in-School Quinceañera Program*, a vital part of the Center’s offering to eighth-grade students from Nampa, Caldwell, and Wilder, providing opportunities for leadership skills through the arts. Partners include the Nampa Boys & Girls Club, Idaho Migrant Council, Nampa Public Library, SCHISM, and the Red River Pow Wow Association.

POCATELLO

\$5,320 to the **Idaho Art Education Association** for a statewide professional development conference for visual art teachers and art teachers-in-training, offering them a chance to share ideas and issues, together with art experiences. This year’s | conference centers on teaching contemporary art.

SANDPOINT

\$8,550 to **Pend Oreille Arts Council** for support of educational enrichment for K-12 students in Bonner County through its visual and performing arts outreach. The project will reach 4,000 rural students. Partners: Lake Pend Oreille School District, Boundary County School District, Priest River School District.

TWIN FALLS

\$6,900 to the **Boys & Girls Club of Magic Valley** for *ESCAPE* (Eighth Street Arts Program Extreme) offering six after-school intensive art classes for youth-at-risk (ages 12-18). Partners: Buhl Arts Council, Buhl Joint School District, Buhl Chamber of Commerce, and Buhl Economic Development Council.

Photos left to right
Culdesac students enjoy an energetic Idaho Shakespeare Theater for Youth performance of Tolstoy’s *Three Questions*. Barry Kough photo, *Lewiston Morning Tribune*.

Rostered artist Tom Bennick’s Valley Elementary students in Jerome, Idaho, making and shaping paper. Mary Ann Dalrymple photo.

Festival Dance and Performing Arts dancers engaging third-grade students from Moscow, Troy, Genesee, and Kendrick, in a production of *A Christmas Carol*. Micki Panttaja photo.

Urban Artwork participants, Boise, work on photo collages depicting aspects of life in their neighborhood. Diane Ronayne photo.

art is a

LANGUAGE

FEW CAN SPEAK

but many can understand

2005 Grants to Organizations

BOISE

\$4,050 to **Ballet Idaho** to support the 2004 summer tour of its pre-professional ensemble.
\$7,595 to **Ballet Idaho** for General Operating Support.
\$9,249 to **Boise Art Museum** for General Operating Support.
\$7,163 to **Boise City Arts Commission** for General Operating Support.
\$5,400 to **Boise Contemporary Theater** to purchase a secondary lighting control system.
\$5,804 to **Boise Contempory Theater** for General Operating Support.
\$1,854 to **Boise Master Chorale** for General Operating Support.
\$7,807 to **Boise Philharmonic Association** for General Operating Support.
\$4,050 to **Bosnia and Herzegovina Cultural Center of Idaho** for its 2005 season.
\$5,925 to **BSU Art Dept./Visual Arts Center** for a lecture series by visiting artists and scholars.
\$2,820 to **Idaho Childrens Arts Network (ICAN)** for General Operating Support.
\$2,990 to **Idaho Dance Theatre** for General Operating Support.
\$4,059 to **Idaho Dance Theatre** for purchase of a portable dance floor.
\$8,557 to **Idaho Shakespeare Festival** for General Operating Support.
\$5,625 to **Log Cabin Literary Center** for a series of evening public panel discussions led by writers.
\$5,920 to **Log Cabin Literary Center** for General Operating Support.
\$5,020 to **Opera Idaho** for General Operating Support.
\$4,425 to **Treasure Valley Public Access Television** to sponsor VIZ! Workshop, a pilot project to train and encourage high school artists working in video.

BUHL

\$3,245 to **Buhl Arts Council** for season support.

CALDWELL

\$4,233 to **Caldwell Fine Arts** for General Operating Support.

COEUR D'ALENE

\$4,500 to **Carrousel Players of the Coeur d'Alene Summer Theatre** to purchase new microphones and related equipment.
\$6,221 to **Carrousel Players of the Coeur d'Alene Summer Theatre** for General Operating Support.

COUNCIL

\$9,500 to **Adams County Historical Preservation Commission** for renovation of the 1915 Adams County courthouse, making it usable as a community cultural and performing arts center.

DRIGGS

\$3,146 to **Teton Arts Council** for General Operating Support.

HAILEY

\$7,192 to **Company of Fools** for General Operating Support.
\$5,100 to **Trailing of the Sheep Cultural Heritage Center** to support the 2004 Trailing of the Sheep Festival.

HAYDEN LAKE

\$2,927 to **Coeur d'Alene Symphony Orchestra** for General Operating Support.

IDAHO FALLS

\$7,200 to **Actors' Repertory Theatre of Idaho** for a renovation feasibility study of its downtown building.
\$7,500 to **Eagle Rock Art Museum** for a public art project, a statewide, juried sculpture competition.
\$6,263 to **Idaho Falls Arts Council** for support of the Snake River Roaring Youth Jam.
\$8,804 to **Idaho Falls Arts Council** for General Operating Support.
\$6,184 to **Idaho Falls Symphony Society** for General Operating Support.

KETCHUM

\$3,371 to **Caritas Chorale** for General Operating Support.
\$6,926 to **Sun Valley Performing Arts Center** for General Operating Support.

McCALL

\$4,425 to **id Theatre Company** to sponsor the Seven Devils Playwrights Conference.
\$3,836 to **McCall Arts and Humanities Council** for General Operating Support.

MOSCOW

\$5,859 to **Festival Dance and Performing Arts** for General Operating Support.
\$3,624 to **Kenworthy Performing Arts Centre** for General Operating Support.
\$2,914 to **Rendevous in Moscow** for General Operating Support.
\$6,638 to **U of I Foundation/Lionel Hampton Jazz Festival** for Jazz in the Schools.
\$5,625 to **U of I/Auditorium Series** for 2004-2005 concert series and residency activities.

MOUNTAIN HOME

\$3,750 to **Mountain Home Arts Council** for presenting season.

NAMPA

\$4,800 to **Hispanic Cultural Center of Idaho** for 2004 Fiesta Idaho.
\$8,000 to **Majestic Entertainment Foundation** for a renovation feasibility study of the downtown Majestic Theater.
\$5,325 to **Nampa Civic Center** for season support of performing arts and education programs.

POCATELLO

\$3,572 to **Idaho State Civic Symphony Association** for General Operating Support.
\$3,162 to **Kid's Wing/The Gateway Foundation for Theatre and Dance** for General Operating Support.

POST FALLS

\$3,827 to **Community Building Partners** to support lighting for Heritage Hall, an exhibit room within the Old Church.
\$1,003 to **Post Falls Public Library** to sponsor library courtyard concerts.

SALMON

\$4,050 to **Salmon Arts Council** for 2004-2005 performing arts season.

SANDPOINT

\$7,840 to the **Festival at Sandpoint** for General Operating Support.
\$5,142 to **Panida Theater** for General Operating Support.
\$1,756 to **Pend Oreille Arts Council** to purchase an assisted listening system.
\$4,547 to **Pend Oreille Arts Council** for General Operating Support.

SUN VALLEY

\$3,403 to **New Theatre Company** for General Operating Support.
\$11,448 to **Sun Valley Center for the Arts** for General Operating Suppport.
\$10,000 to **Sun Valley Center for the Arts** for a feasibility study for construction of a new facility.

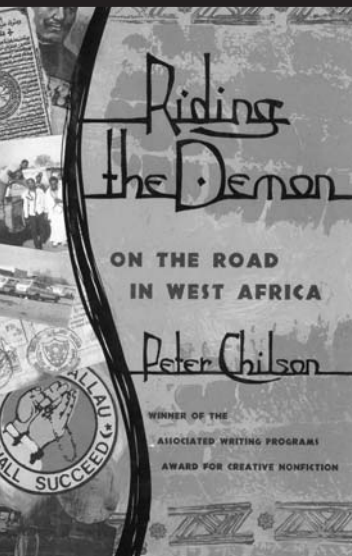
TWIN FALLS

\$6,263 to **CSI/Arts on Tour** for season support.

\$2,850 to **Magic Valley Arts Council** for General Operating Support.

WHAT ARE

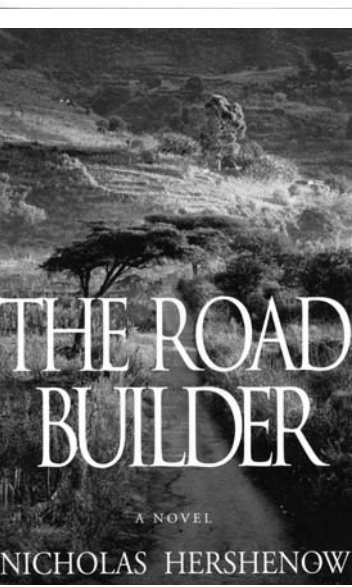
you WILLING to feed your faith?



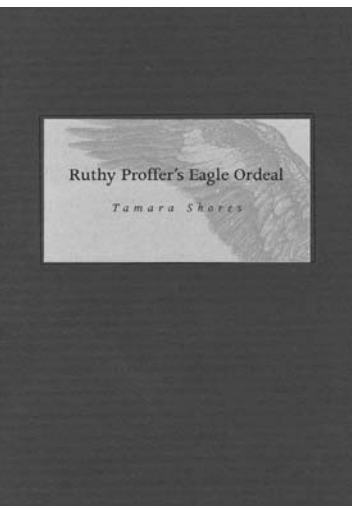
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Claire Davis



Nick Hershenow



Tamara Shores



Kerri Webster

Literature Fellowship Recipients 2005

Peter Chilson, Moscow, has lived in Idaho for over five years. He earned a B.A. in journalism and international relations at Syracuse University and an M.F.A. in creative writing at Pennsylvania State University ten years ago. Chilson teaches as assistant professor of English at Washington State University. He has had two essays published in successive years in *Best American Travel Writing*. "Road from Ablak" concerns Berber nomads, the Tuaregs, dwelling in the desert near Sudan and Niger who, under cover of dust storms, track military convoys or civilian expeditions. He also published an essay, "Guilt and Malaria: a Memoir" in *American Scholar*, and has had work in *The North American Review*, *Audubon*, and so on. Chilson spent five years in West Africa, first as a Peace Corps volunteer, then as a freelance reporter, writing mainly for the Associated Press. His book, *Riding the Demon: On the Road in West Africa*, was published by University of Georgia Press in 1999 and was winner of the Associated Writing Programs Award for Creative Nonfiction. It is an astonishing, vivid chronicle of bush-taxi (Peugeots and Toyotas) travel in Niger. Panelists: *Potential on all levels.*

Claire Davis, Lewiston, grew up in Milwaukee, was an English and psychology major at the University of Wisconsin. She came west in 1986, earned a B.A. in creative writing at Evergreen State College, then an M.F.A in creative writing at University of Montana. She is an associate professor of English at Lewis-Clark State College in Lewiston, Idaho.

Davis' short stories have been widely published in prestigious publications such as *Ploughshares* and *Southern Review*. Her short love story, with an obese protagonist, was included in *Best American Short Stories 2001*, and more recently read aloud live on National Public Radio in Chicago and then in Denver. Her novel, *Winter Range* (set in Montana), won the Pacific Northwest Booksellers Association award for best fiction three years ago, and made the "Best Books" list in the *Denver Post*, *Christian Science Monitor*, and *Seattle Post*. She was awarded an ICA Fellowship in 1998. She has a new novel, tentatively titled *Skin of the Snake*, coming from St. Martins Press in January 2005 and a collection of short stories, *Labors of the Heart*, scheduled for 2006. Panelists: *Beautiful use of language.*

Nick Hershenow, McCall, was born in Berkeley and raised in Fresno, California, but has lived in McCall, Idaho, for twelve years. He graduated *magna cum laude* in geography from University of Utah. With his wife Phoebe, he served as a Peace Corps volunteer in Zaire (Congo) in the mid-1980s—directing a garden and fisheries program.

Since their return, he has been a hydrological technician for U.S. Forest Service. Hershenow does most of his writing during winter layoffs. He and wife have two children, ages 14 and 16, so the preponderance of that writing is done early in morning before the rest of the family rises. With such a schedule, his first novel required ten years.

Blue Hen/Putnam published *The Road Builder* as its lead title in 2001. It won the Western States Book Award for fiction. Hershenow is now at work on *Tierra del Fuego*, a novel occupied by sheepherders and set in South America and the Rocky Mountains. Panelists: *This could blossom into a wonderful novel, and we have every confidence that it will.*

Tamara Shores, Boise, moved from Libby, Montana, to Jerome, Idaho, in 1982 when she was ten. Her father was a doctor in Wendell. In her words, she "had a crush on a boy in high school" and took up weightlifting. Best dead lift: 325 pounds. She earned her B.A. in English at Boise State University, and her M.F.A. there while maintaining a 4.0 GPA. In graduate school, Mitch Weiland was her mentor. She edited two issues of *cold drill*, the BSU undergraduate literature magazine. At present, expecting her second child in August, she works as a graphic designer at home. Shores, who has published a short story chapbook, *Ruthie Proffers Eagle Ordeal*, is also working on a collection of short stories, *Solitude is the Sorrow in Us All*, and a novel titled *Good Knives*, about a girl whose mother and father parted while she was still young, and now in her twenties the daughter seeks her father in Montana (or perhaps in central Idaho), who, not knowing what else to do, teaches her to hunt whitetail deer. Panelists: *A solid piece of writing.*

Kerri Webster, Boise, has been a resident of Idaho most of her life. At one time she was an employee of The Book Shop in Boise, and currently works part time at Book & Game. She also works for the Log Cabin Literary Center in the Writers in the Schools program, most recently in Payette and Idaho City. (Her father, coincidentally, used to run the Little Professor bookstore in Boise—before the chain stores landed.) Webster earned an M.F.A. in poetry from Indiana University, where she was one of two Lilly Fellows nationally. With well known poet Mark Doty as judge, she was awared first place in the International Poetry Prize. Earlier this year, she was awarded the National Chapbook Fellowship from the Poetry Society of America. Nationally recognized poet Carl Phillips served as judge. Her poems have appeared in three issues of *Latitudes*. Panelists: *Most remarkable selection of poetry I've seen in recent months, absolutely incredible and original. A major voice with major achievements.*

Every pencil is filled with a book.
— Alberto Rios

George Carlson, The Huntress—
Homage to Abbott Handerson Thayer,
bronze, 60 x 29 x 12". Joel Riner photo,
Quicksilver Studios.



THINGS

are ONLY WORTH WHAT you make them worth

Free of doubt, controversy, and the inexplicable fluctuation of reputation, art-making would bear the same relationship to creativity as cake mix does to baking.

– Harold Town

On the road this summer I talked to artists about the business of art, and I want to share some of that information with those of you who could not attend the artist's track of the MERGE conferences. My principal message: being an artist is a business and a profession and it must be so approached.

Collectors will not automatically knock at your door because you have art to sell. It just is not that easy. There are no secrets or rules for selling your art other than considerable work and persistence. Artists not only must create the "product"; they must then sell it. Conscientious artists take the business aspect seriously, and consultants say that artists must work on the creation of their artwork fifty percent of their time and market it the other *sixty* percent.



Glenn Grishkoff, Large Brush Hanger, mixed media,
82 x 34 x 8". Steve Gibbs photo.

An artist's life is not easy. Although hope is "the bird that perches in the heart," most do not choose this calling for money or fame. They create because they are driven and are frustrated if they cannot. Neal Cassady remarked that art is good only when it springs from necessity, and that there is no other guarantee of value. Still, artists have common concerns: isolation, pricing their work, insufficient time and money, holding a "conventional" job of necessity, feeling their work is undervalued.

Are you comfortable with saying you are an artist? If not, keep saying it until you are. It is a part of your identity, even if you do not make a penny selling artwork. If you have another job, you can be an artist first, and then add that you perform data entry, wait tables, do back surgery.

It is important that you know how to talk about your work, clearly, concisely, with knowledge about art and art history; and why, in particular, you create the kind of art that you do. It is even worthwhile having a ten-second commercial describing yourself. Do not ignore, furthermore, the value of a crafted artist's statement. If you are far more visual than literary, solicit help from a writer.

Some persons thrive, even revel, in self-promotion; most do not. One artist told me that she would rather have a root canal than approach a gallery. Extreme perhaps, but not uncommon.

Before approaching a gallery, do your research. Is the space appropriate for your work? does the owner demand a backlog of completed work? is there an exclusivity clause in the contract? Put yourself in the place of the interviewer. Make an appointment—it will improve your odds. Administrators are busy, respect their time. Unannounced drop-ins make a bad impression. The person who inspects your portfolio will, in turn, examine it with more regard.



Don Ealy, *Golden Landscape*, oil on panel, 8 x 10".
Steve Gibbs photo.

Most gallery owners want to talk to the artist, not just view work. There is lack of unanimity about preferences—slides, photographs, color copies, digital images—but most owners prefer originals. They want an accurate representation of your work because it not only helps them make a decision, it helps them, upon acceptance, promote your work.

If you are rejected, do not dismiss the "bird". Understand that there are many reasons why a gallery cannot add your work at a particular time; rejection is not necessarily a reflection on the intrinsic quality. As Einstein, who failed his college entrance exam and was refused a high school teacher's job, said, "Not everything that can be counted counts, and not everything that counts can be counted." Continue your marketing efforts and magnify your determination. Remember the *Salon* of 1863!

• Barbara Robinson, Artist Services Director

All images courtesy The Art Spirit Gallery,
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

Hung Liu, Brotherhood, 1998, oil on canvas, 64 x 48".
Courtesy Rena Bransten Gallery.



PUBLIC GALLERIES

c u r r e n t s h o w s

Boise State University Visual Arts Center exhibits artwork from students, as well as regional artists in Gallery 1 (Liberal Arts Building) and Gallery 2 (Hemingway Center). Both galleries are closed for the summer. 208/426-3994.

The **Boise State University Student Union Gallery** exhibits the work of regional and local artists. Until July 30, see the statewide exhibition *Voices and Visions*. From August 5 through September 22, *Digital Photography* by Jim Rupp will be on display; then from September 24 to November 3, see *Tibetan Paintings* by Kumar Lama. 208/426-1223; <http://union.boisestate.edu>.

Until September 18, **Boise Art Museum** will show *Degas in Bronze: The Complete Sculptures*, a collection of 73 pieces by the renowned Impressionist artist Edgar Degas. William Morris, *Myth, Object and the Animal*, will show until October 17. 208/345-8330, www.boiseartmuseum.org.

From July 8 through Sept 3, The **Willard Arts Center's Carr Gallery** in **Idaho Falls** will show *Across Country*. Three women represent various versions of their parts of the country—Pamela Coulter Bleher is from Virginia and brings that east coast feel; Cory Jaeger is from Montana and her pastel portraits reflect life in the great plains, while Lissa Herschleb brings us the international influence felt on the California coast. From September 8 through November 3, *Salt Lake Six* is a display of work including printmaking to sculpture. Then from November 8 to January 3, see *Everyday Images: The Photography of Larry Blackwood*. He scours alleys, small towns, and side streets looking for bits of eastern Idaho history. www.idahofallsarts.org/galleries.html.

The **Corner Gallery**, located at the **Northern Idaho College Boswell Hall** in **Coeur d'Alene** is used for college purposes, except during August through Sept. when it is the site for exhibitions curated by the Citizen's Council on the Arts. From August 12 through September 9, see a free exhibit featuring handmade books from the James Castle collection and handmade books from ABBA (A Buncha Book Artists)—a student group at Arizona State University. CCA also presents Art on the Green July 30 to August 1. 208/666-9676, www.artonthegreen.org.

Until July 28, the **Eagle Rock Art Museum** in **Idaho Falls** will show *Eddie 'n Betty*, a retrospective of the careers of local arts educators Ed Schroeder and Betty Anderson. From July 21 through Sept 19, a collection of pre-World War II Japanese woodcuts and the metal sculpture created by a local artist are featured in *Japanese Woodcuts and Metal Sculpture* by Peggy Letterly Gunnerson. The *Idaho Watercolor Society 25th Annual Traveling Show* will be featured from September 8 to 26 then the *Snake River Plein Aire Painters Exhibit* takes place from September 22 to 26. From October 6 through December 2, *Idaho Paints Idaho*, the second annual exhibit of Idaho artists painting Idaho state parks will take place. 208/524-7777.

The **Lewis-Clark Center for Arts and History** in **Lewiston** opened its 2004-2005 gallery season on July 2 with the American Rivers traveling exhibit, *Discovering the Rivers of Lewis and Clark*. This interactive exhibit uses vivid text and spectacular photographs and reproductions of artwork and maps to depict the rich life of the Missouri, Yellowstone, Snake, and Columbia Rivers as Lewis and Clark encountered them. The exhibit runs through September 7, 2004. 208/792-2243; www.artsandhistory.org.

The **Prichard Art Gallery** at the University of Idaho, College of Art and Architecture in **Moscow** exhibits work of regional and local artists. 208/885-3586; www.uidaho.edu/galleries/Prichard.

Third Street Gallery in **Moscow**. Through July 23, see the *Idaho Watercolor Society Touring Exhibit* and North Idaho IWS. From June 11 through September 11, participate in the first annual artwalk 2004; a partnership with 28 downtown businesses and some of the area's finest artists. Moscow Arts Commission, 208/883-7036.

The **Friesen Art Galleries** of the **Northwest Nazarene University Brandt Center** in **Nampa** are closed for the summer, 208/467-8398.

Rosenthal Gallery at **Albertson College of Idaho** in **Caldwell** is closed for the summer, but will feature the work of Stephen Fisher from Nov. 2 to Dec. 5. Individual tours are available, 208/467-8398.

The Pond Student Union at **Idaho State University** in **Pocatello** includes the **Transition** and **Minds Eye** galleries. The ASISU Program Board provides these galleries with a variety of shows that have been host to major touring art shows, as well as ISU student art displays. The Transition gallery provides a display space for a wide range of media. The Minds Eye gallery hosts smaller, more intimate shows. For show dates and gallery hours visit the ASISU Program Board Web site at www.isu.edu/union/gallery/index.shtml.

Through July 31, **The Sun Valley Center for the Arts** presents *The Furniture of George Nakashima*, recognized throughout the world as a master craftsman and innovative designer. From August 6 through October 29, see *The Vanishing: Re-presenting the Chinese in the American West*, with paintings by Hung Liu. Her work transforms photos of Chinese peasants and famous figures into multilayered paintings that mix modern documentary images and ancient Chinese symbols, patches of Expressionist brushwork, and delicately rendered porcelain bowls that float in pictorial space. 208/726-9491; www.sunvalleycenter.org.

From August 10 to September 11, the **College of Southern Idaho Jean B. King Gallery** at the Herrett Center in **Twin Falls** will exhibit *Tonight...we begin a new day*, recent work by Jason Hicks. *Contested and Contemplative Landscapes*, recent work by Garth Claassen and John Taye, runs from September 21 to November 13. Herrett Center's Web site, www.csi.cc.id.us.

Full Moon Gallery of Fine Art & Contemporary Craft in **Twin Falls**. From August 6 through September 25, see the tri-gallery exhibitions in the Full Moon Gallery, Galleria Pequena, and in the Magic Valley Arts Council Offices. The Magic Valley Arts Guild is presenting Art in the Park in the Twin Falls City Park, July 24-25. Magic Valley Arts Council, 208/734-ARTS.

Fashion is what you adopt when you don't know who you are.
—Quentin Crisp

For ever an idea to be fashionable is ominous, since it must afterwards be always old-fashioned.
—George Santayana

Fashion is a form of ugliness so intolerable that we have to alter it every six months.
—Oscar Wilde

COMMISSIONERS



Denise Simone (left)

are VOLUNTEERS

Margo Aragon



Margo Aragon

Appointed: April 2001 by Governor Kempthorne.
Home: Lewiston.

Education: Lewis-Clark State College, B.A. in English; Bennington College, M.F.A.
Occupation: Public Affairs Director, KLEW-TV (CBS) Lewiston.
Book: *A Little Bit of Wisdom: Conversations with a Nez Perce Elder* (with Horace Axtell).

From 2000 to 2004, Margo Aragon was public relations and special events coordinator for promotions and educational projects in northern Idaho for Community Action Partnership. Earlier, she was marketing director for the University of Idaho Press. For almost ten years, she has been public affairs director for KLEW-TV, where she is host of Northwest Morning, a daily “live-to-tape” interview show reaching 200,000 viewers. She grew up in the Imperial Valley of Southern California, and in the early 1980s moved to northern Idaho, which she liked immediately because “you didn’t need a permit to do or try anything.”

Lat: Persons you admire?

My parents, who were hard workers, and my grandparents—my maternal grandmother could certainly narrate a story. And I’m grateful to Jim Hepworth for starting my writing career.

Lat: Your perfect day?

Riding my bicycle along the river levee, or a river trip, writing [I try to write something every day, even if it’s an old-fashioned, handwritten letter], making a big meal for my family and friends.

Lat: Do you like to travel?

Yes, but unlike most persons, I am thoroughly interested in my own backyard and the people who live here. I’ve found many hidden treasures and expect to find many more here.

Lat: Favorite expression?

Be a warrior not a worrier.

Lat: Who would you like to play in a movie?

A version of myself.

Lat: Unrealized goals?

When I grow up, I would like to be fluent in at least five languages. I speak English, Spanish, some Nez Perce and Italian, and a little French.

Lat: Writer to whom you are partial?

I tend to like individual books of prose, say a novel by Marquez or Ondaatje, but two bodies of poetry I favor are William Stafford’s and Pablo Neruda’s.

Lat: What are you reading?

Blue Blood by Edward Conlon, and Mary Jane Moffat’s *In the Midst of Winter: Selections from the Literature of Mourning*.

Lat: Do you detect any difference in the art needs or bounty of northern Idaho in comparison to other parts of the state?

There are fewer opportunities for artists in northern Idaho—artists have to try much harder: to get materials, a show, to make a living, to finish a work of art. But just being an artist is monumental. Here even writers have to talk to their communities more. In my area, for example, more people will go to a workshop than a reading because more of them are interested in being a writer than a reader. Maybe we’ve worked harder at developing writers than we have readers.

Denise Simone

Appointed: April 2003 by Governor Kempthorne.
Home: Bellevue.

Education: Montclair University, B.F.A. in acting.
Special training in acting, singing, and dialects in New York City, Los Angeles, and Richmond, Virginia.
Occupation: Actor, playwright, director.
Chair: Wood River Arts Alliance 2001-2003.
Professional Unions: Actors’ Equity Association, Screen Actors Guild.

Since 1997, Simone has been both managing director and associate artistic director of Company of Fools in Hailey, Idaho. She has been director of education, overseeing Stages of Wonder, the Community School elementary program in Hailey. One of four children, born and raised in New Jersey, she remembers the family dinner table as a place where “thought was provoked and expression encouraged.” Later, she was an acting teacher in high schools and enrichment programs in Virginia.

Lat: Interests, passions?

Yoga, reading, people, children and children’s rights.

Lat: Persons you admire historically, artistically, contemporarily?

Jesus as a man; Peter Brook as an artist; all those people with limited resources who dedicate themselves to serving others.

Lat: Favorite quote?

The yoga master’s who said, “To do less than we can is a sin. To do more than we are able is violence.

Lat: Youthful experiences that led you to the arts?

I was painfully shy in high school, but when I discovered playwrights writing about “big” things, I found a form of expression that seemed right for me. Our teacher had us tackle the difficult: Ibsen, O’Neill, Miller, Strindberg, Checkov, Shaw, Brecht. I was hooked as Alicia in “You Can’t Take It With You.”

Lat: What distinguishes Company of Fools?

For most national companies, three weeks is the norm to put up a play. At Fools, we try to honor a work with six to eight weeks preparation. We also spend time exploring how we want to live as artists and how that may manifest itself through the Company.

Lat: Art forms that interest you in addition to theater?

Literature and music, and I love it when they are combined.

Lat: Favorite play to direct? role you covet?

Ibsen’s “Ghosts.” I’d like to play Hedda Gabbler. Or Shaw’s “St. Joan.”

Lat: Actor you would like to interview?

William Hurt about his role in “Drawer Boy.”

Lat: Places you’d like to go? things you’d like to do?

Right now it would be Italy, Spain, and Greece. And I’d like to write a book on the art of sighs or moments.

Lat: What adjective describes you?

Scrappy (smiles).

Lat: Comments on the art and culture of Wood River Valley?

The Wood River Valley is rich in the arts. It is also a community rich with resources and generosity—some local donors get as many as 75 requests a year. And just as with our natural landscape, we are seeking growth that does not tap out our resources.

ARTS POSSIBILITIES

The Idaho Commission on the Arts does not endorse any of the listings published in this newsletter. They are collected from a variety of sources, and artists are advised to contact organizations directly for a prospectus or other information before entering a competition. Most competitions charge a fee to offset exhibition costs and for cash awards, but excessive fees for an entry should be questioned. Some organizations request a self-addressed stamped envelope (SASE) with a request for information. Read the prospectus carefully and be selective. Please report any problems concerning competitions to our office. If your organization would like an opportunity listed in *Latitudes*, fax a brief description to Barbara Robinson at 208/334-2488, or e-mail brobinson@ica.state.id.us.

VISUAL ARTS

Postmark Deadline: August 6

"Driving Force", a national juried exhibit for young artists with disabilities, ages 16-25 sponsored by VSA arts & Volkswagen of America, Inc. For the third year, VSA arts & Volkswagen of America, Inc. are pleased to launch a call for entries to identify promising young artists with disabilities. Fifteen (15) finalists, ages 16 - 25, will be awarded a total of \$30,000 in cash awards. Selected artwork will be part of an exhibit in Washington, D.C., during October of 2004 that will then tour throughout the United States for two years. To learn more about the past awardees, visit: www.vsarts.org/showcase/exhibits/vw/2003/index.html and www.vsarts.org/showcase/exhibits/vw/2002/index.html. For additional information and to download an application, please visit: www.vsarts.org/programs/vw/

Event: August 27-28

Representational painting conference in Cape Cod, MA. P.O. Box 666, Orleans, MA 02653; trees@treesplace.com; www.treesplace.com.

Ongoing

Boise City Arts Commission is accepting slides from public artists for their slide bank. Send 12 slides of current work and a brief resume (no more than 2 pages) to: Boise City Arts Commission, P.O. Box, Boise, ID 83701-1015.

MEDIA

Deadline: August 1

Northwest Film and Video Festival, November 7-15 call for entries. Festival provides a forum where independent work receives public recognition, critical appraisal, and a regional audience. Permanent residents of Alaska, British Columbia, Idaho, Montana, Oregon and Washington may submit two works of any length or genre recently released and not previously entered in the Festival. Student entries (college and university only) must be from a school located in the Northwest. No entry fee. Andrew Blubaugh. Northwest Film Center, 1219 S.W. Park Ave., Portland, OR 97205; 503/276-4264, fax 294-0874.; info@nwfilm.org; www.nwfilm.org.

Deadline: October 31

Every February, the Portland International Film Festival premieres nearly 100 films from over 30 countries, offering new works by masters of the art as well as emerging voices. This non-competitive festival focuses primarily on work from outside the United States but American features, documentaries and shorts are included. Entry fee: US \$25. Checks payable to NWFC. There is no entry form. Unsolicited preview tapes may be sent but if you would like it returned enclose a check for \$15 for domestic shipping and handling; \$20 for international. PIFF, 1219 SW Park Ave., Portland, OR 97205; www.nwfilm.org/festivals/festivals.html.

Ongoing

Idaho Film Bureau unifies, promotes, and represents Idaho's motion picture and video production industry. Tourism Department, 700 West State St., P.O. Box 83720, Boise, ID 83720-0093; 800/942-3883, 208/334-2470, fax -2631. powers@idoc.state.id.us; www.filmidaho.com or www.visitid.org.

Soros Documentary Fund provides up to \$50,000 for works-in-progress and \$10,000-\$15,000 in start-up funds to international documentary film/video artists focusing on human rights, freedom of expression, social injustice and civil liberties. Applicants should have no more than two previous completed works. 212/757-2323.

GRANTS

Deadline: September 1

Actor Paul Newman donates all profits, after taxes, from the sale of his Newman's Own products for educational and charitable purposes. Since founding the company, Newman's Own has donated \$125 million to thousands of charities. Grants are awarded annually to a wide range of 501c 3 organizations. Eligible categories include children and youth, health, education, elderly, the environment, the arts, literacy, substance abuse education, and programs for the needy, including housing and food. The organization does not make grants to individuals or award scholarships. www.newmansown.com/5b1_grants.html

Deadline: September 6

QuickFund\$ quarterly grants that range from \$300 to \$1,000 fund requests from organizations, individuals, and educators for arts activities, projects, and professional development opportunities. ICA, 208/334-2119; info@ica.state.id.us; www.state.id.us/arts.

Deadline: September 15

Andy Warhol Foundation makes grants to nonprofit visual arts organizations. AWF, 65 Bleeker St., 7th Floor, New York, NY 10012; 212/387-7555.

Deadline: October 1

Florsheim Art Fund assists the ongoing work of mature (60+) professional American artists of merit. Grants range from \$5,000 to \$20,000 and support the mounting of exhibitions, publication of catalogs or monographs or the acquisition of works and their donation to museums, universities, or nonprofits collecting and displaying American art. Florsheim Art Fund, 4202 E. Fowler Ave., USF 30637, Tampa, FL 33620-0637; 813/949-6886.

Deadline: October 31

Gunk Foundation Public Art Grants of up to \$5,000 support provocative projects integrated into daily life, such as art on public transportation, city streets, and work places. Gunk Foundation/Critical Press, Nadine Lemmon, P.O. Box 333, Gardiner, NY 12525; 845/255-8252; www.gunk.org.

Ongoing

Charles A. Lindbergh Fund awards individuals working in the arts and humanities. Priority is give to research and education projects that address a balance between nature and science. Marline White, Charles A. Lindbergh Fund, 708 S. Third St., Ste 110, Minneapolis, MN 55415; 612/338-1703.

RESIDENCIES & CLASSES

Deadline: August 1

Yaddo offers residencies in New York to provide an environment to think, experiment, and create. Admission Committee, Yaddo, Box 395, Saratoga Springs, NY 12866 or 518/584-0746; www.yaddo.org.

Deadline: August 15

Montana Artists Refuge, an artist-run residency program located in Basin, Montana, is accepting applications from artists of all disciplines. Residencies are 3 months to one year. Some financial aid available. Montana Artists Refuge, Box 8, Basin, MT 59631; 406/225-3500; mar@mt.net; www.montanarefuge.org.

Event: Aug. 20-22 & Sept. 10-12

Join a professional artist in a Backcountry Sketchbook Workshop held at a base camp in the Sawtooth Mountains. All art supplies, meals, snacks, tents, etc. will be provided. Open to beginner and intermediate artists, 18 years and older. Prices start at \$600. Deb Bliton, Mystic Saddle Ranch, Stanley, Idaho; 888/722-5432; www.mysticsaddleranch.com.

Deadline: September 1

The Millay Colony has a universal design building for artists with and without disabilities. Each month the Colony will accommodate six artists (writers, composers, and visual). Send a SASE to Millay Colony, P.O. Box 3, Austerlitz, NY 12017; application@millaycolony.org; www.millaycolony.org; 518/392-3103.

Deadline: September 15

The MacDowell Colony provides an environment in which creative artists are free to pursue their work without interruption. More than 200 writers, composers, visual artists, photographers, printmakers, filmmakers, architects, interdisciplinary artists, and those collaborating on creative works come to the Colony each year and receive room, board, and the exclusive use of a studio. M.C., 100 High St., Peterborough, NH 03458; 603.924.3886, fax -9142; www.macdowellcolony.org.

Deadline: September 15

Jentel Artist Residency Program offers residencies to writers and visual artists for painting, printmaking, and works on paper. Mature and emerging artists over 25 are encouraged to apply. Location is a cattle ranch 20 miles east of Sheridan, WY. For an application, send a large self-addressed label and .60 postage to Admission Committee, Jentel Artist Residency Program, 130 Lower Piney Creek Road, Banner, WY 82832; 307/737-2311; www.jentelarts.org.

Deadline: September 30

Bemis Center for Contemporary Arts provides visual artists with studio/living spaces, stipends of up to \$1,000, and access to equipment/facilities. Residencies of two to six months. Send SASE to Bemis Center, 724 S. 12th St., Omaha, NE 68102-3202; 402/341-7130, fax -9791; bemis@novia.net; www.bemiscenter.org.

Deadline: October 1

Centrum Creative Residencies offer artists and writers opportunities for reflection and intensive creative work. Residencies take many forms and vary in length from one week to one month. This 445-acre park provides is located at Fort Worden State Park on the northeast tip of the Olympic Peninsula. Application fee: \$20. Centrum, P.O. Box 1158, Port Townsend, WA 98368-0958; 360/385-3102, fax: 385-2470; Sally@centrum.org; www.centrum.org.

Deadline: October 1

Ucross Foundation in the Big Horn Mountains in northern Wyoming serves as a conference and residency center where people from diverse sectors convene and interact. No charge to artists and writers selected through a competitive application process twice a year. Facilities available for 8 residents for 2 to 4 weeks. Spring session from February to June. 307/737-2291, fax 307/767-2322; ucrossfdn@aol.com.

Deadline: November 1

The American Academy in Rome invited applications for the prestigious Rome Prize competition. Offers up to 30 residential fellowships for six months to two years. Stipends from \$10,000 to \$20,000. State specific field of interest when requesting information. 212/751-7200l; info@aarome.org; www.aarome.org.

Deadline: November 30

Ledig House International Writers' Colony in New York offers two-week to two-month residences to professional writers from around the world. Up to 20 writers at a time. Spring session: April 1 to June 26 and fall session: August 20 to October 31. fax: 212/206-6114; atomi55@aol.com; www.artomi.org.

Deadline: December 1

Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture offers an intensive nine-week summer residency program in Maine for advanced writers, June-August. Skowhegan, 200 Park Ave. South, Ste 1116, New York, NY 10003-1503; 212/529-0505, fax 473-1342; mail@skowheganart.org; www.skowheganarts.org.

Deadline: December. 3

Hedgebrook Foundation is a publicly funded, not-for-profit retreat for women writers. Overlooking Puget Sound on Whidbey Island in Washington State, the Hedgebrook community seeks to balance human needs with those of the earth while providing a nurturing environment in which creativity can thrive. Six cottages house individual writers and provides privacy and solitude for residents to work and share ideas. 1-8 wks, free. Hedgebrook Foundation, 2197 E. Millman Rd., Langley, WA 98260; 360/321-4786; www.hedgebrook.org.

Ongoing

Art Omi International Arts Center has three distinct residency programs open to applicants who are invited at no charge to participate. Art Omi International Artists' Colony, Ledig House International Writers' Colony, and the Music Omi International Music residency. Art Omi; 55 Fifth Ave., 15th Floor, New York, NY 10003; 212/206-6060; fax: -6114; artomi55@aol.com; www.artomi.org.

Helene Wurlizer Foundation of New Mexico offers residencies in Taos, NM to artists in painting and sculpture. Residency includes accommodations for three to six months. HWF, PO Box 1891, Taos, NM 87571; 505/758-2413, fax -2559; HWF@taolnet.com.

International Residencies for Artists offers funds to artists wanting to attend residencies abroad or who need travel funds to exhibit or perform work. IRA, William Smart 13A, 222 W 14th St., New York, NY 10011; wsmart@earthlink.com.

Villa Montalvo artist residency program for writers, visual artists, musicians, composers, filmmakers, playwrights, architects and artists working in new media. Residencies are free. Five artists at a time reside from one to three months in fully-equipped apartments on the 175-acre historic estate. For application materials send a self-addressed label and .55 postage to Villa Montalvo, Artist Residency Program, P.O. Box 158, Saratoga, CA 95071-0158; villamontalvo.org.

MORE

Deadline: October 30

Glimmer Train's October Poetry Open welcomes all poets. No subject, form, or length restrictions. Send work online at www.glimmer-train.com during October. Winners will be called by March 1. Award: \$500 and publication in *Glimmer Train Stories*. 503/221-0836.

Ongoing

Arts for Idaho is a citizen lobbying group that supports state funding of the arts. Mission: Advocates for strong support and funding for the arts. Facilitates positive interaction between citizens and elected representatives about the need for and benefits of the arts in Idaho. Illustrates the power of the arts to stimulate the economic and creative development for present and future generations in Idaho. Memberships are strongly encouraged to ensure the success of this important lobbying group. Membership levels for individuals vary from \$25 to \$500; organizations \$100. Send to: Arts for Idaho, 55 SW 5th Ave., Suite 100; Meridian ID 83642; 208/888-0988.

The Commission's *Arts, Crafts, and Festivals Calendar* is online. For a listing or to submit your event, visit our Web site. If you need a hard copy, contact Shannon at 208/334-2119 or 800/278-3863; info@ica.state.id.us; www2.state.id.us/arts.

How to Photograph Your Art Using Natural Light is an 18 minute video designed to help artists produce quality 35mm slides of their artwork. In-state \$10.45 (includes taxes and shipping). Send a check to the Idaho Commission on the Arts, P.O. Box 83720, Boise, ID 83720-0008.

New York Foundation for the Arts is a nonprofit arts service organization, providing one of the most comprehensive support systems for artists and arts organizations in the United States. NYFA offers fellowships, artists-in-residence grants, technical assistance, bridge loans, fiscal sponsorship, management services and an array of information services. With an operating budget of nine million, the NYFA is a critical resource for creative endeavors; 212/366-6900 from 9:30-5:00 PM EST.

WESTAF's Annotated Artlinks provide resources and tools for art related Web research; www.westaf.org.

DEADLINES

In the Works Workshops

Coming soon to an Idaho location near you...

Central

Volunteer Management

Strategic Planning

East

Artists' Self-promotion

North

Marketing Arts Organizations

Opportunities and Exhibition Planning for Artists

North Central

Volunteer Management

South Central

Business Practices for Artists

Southeast

Fundraising

Southwest

Marketing Arts Organizations

Details coming to our Web site and Community
Development E-News.

QuickFundsSeptember 6, 2004

Fellowships: Visual Arts.....January 31, 2005

Governor's Awards in the Arts ceremony in Nampa

.....October 2, 2004

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